Evening Democrat.

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

How She Made a Hiding Place of a Brass Kettle.

It was a stormy day, and the children were popping corn over the coals in the grate.

Grandma sat with her knitting work near the fire, and the kitten was chasing a great white fluffy kernel around the room with her frisky paws.

"When I was a little girl and lived at the West," said grandma, "my brothers and I used to pop corn in the ashes."

"How could you do that," said Tom. "I shouldn't think it would be popped at all."

"O, we didn't use coal ashes, but scraped a clear place in front of the great wood fire, put the corn down in little heaps, and then covered each heap carefully with hot ashes, placing a live coal or so on top, and in a little while they would come popping out all over the floor."

"What fun!" said Meg. "I wish we had a fire-place and a wood fire."

"Grandma," said Bess, who had been reading frontier stories, and was more interested in Indians than in popping corn at present, having become tired of the occupation, "did you ever see any Indians in those days?"

"I saw one, and he frightened me nearly out of my senses."

"O, do tell us about it?" cried all the children in the same breath. "The corn is all popped now, and it will be so nice to hear a story while we are eating it."

"Wait till I count the stitches on my needle, and then, if you will promise not to ask me to tell it over again for a month at least, I will tell you the story."

They promised, and sitting themselves in a row each with a dish of corn in his or her lap, waited impatiently for the stitches to be counted.

"When our family moved to the West," began grandma, "I was only eight years old. It was a pretty, but lonely spot where our little log house was built, in a clearing not far from the edge of the prairie. If you went far enough into the woods or across the prairie, you could hear the wolves howl at night.

"There were no roads for a great distance, only a path or trail, as they called it, and our nearest neighbor lived nearly a mile away.

"When we first went there, we had a great dread of Indians—or at least mother and we children had, though father used to laugh at us, saying that there were no hostile Indians in the region, and the remnant of a copper-colored tribe, which still lingered on the outskirts of the State, would have to run the gauntlet of I don't know how many blockades to get at us.

"But it was only a very few years before that they were scalping and committing all sorts of depredations within a mile or two of the spot where we were living, and my mother was continually on the lookout for them, though she was very careful not to say anything to frighten us children.

"As for me, I was a nervous, delicate child, and there was not a day during the first six months of our life in this new country that I didn't imagine that I saw one. If a tuft of leaves stirred in the still twilight, I was sure that it was a feather in an Indian's cap. If I heard the cattle tramping about in the underbrush, I was sure that a whole horde of Indians were coming to ransack the house. If I looked out into the moonlight, every shadow took the grim shape of a chief, tomahawk and all. If I peered up the wide chimney to see the sparks from the fire fly up to the stars on a winter's night, I never failed to encounter twinkling, sly and terrible eyes gazing down into mine.

"Did you, truly?" inquired little Joe, with his mouth agape with astonishment.

"Why, no, Joe. Grandma said she only imagined it all, you know, because she was afraid," explained wise Bess, impatient of the interruption.

"And every night before I went to sleep," grandma continued, "I heard all sorts of noises, which I had no doubt were Indians trying to break into the house, shaking the bolts of the doors, or tramping about on the roof over my head. But as time passed on those fears and imaginations gradually wore away, and when summer came even I forgot all about Indians.

"It had been a late, cold spring. The rain dripped off the eaves and blurred the windows nearly every day; and when the sky was clear, a chilly wind blew, that frightened back the leaves and blossoms, and stopped the birds' songs in their very throats.

"But when June came, the weather was so lovely that we played out of doors the whole day long. The flowers seemed to be making up for lost time and crowded everywhere, dressed in all sorts of pretty colors. They peeped through the chinks of our log cabin, climbed to its very roof in pretty, graceful vines, and made it, as crude and clumsy as it was, a perfect bower of beauty.

"I was so weary, after those long, sunny days out of doors, that I went to sleep as soon as my head touched the pillow, and heard no more shaking bolts or feet tramping overhead. Mother no longer searched every nook and corner, every crevice and closet, before going to bed: and we often left the house by itself in the daytime, with doors and windows wide open, and nothing but the sunbeams, or perhaps a stray chicken, had ever ventured to stray within.

"One warm afternoon in July, mother and the boys went berrying, leaving me at home alone. Father was at work on what we called the 'burnt land' three quarters of a mile away. I expected to be one of the berrying party; but as I had been out of doors all the forenoon, and was afflicted with a headache, mother thought it would not do at all for me to go out again under the hot sun.

"'You won't be afraid to stay in the house alone, will you, Mary?' said she, 'I don't know what could possibly harm you. I wish you would feed the chickens about 4 o'clock. Be sure to take the gingerbread out of the oven in about ten minutes, and don't let pussy get her nose into the custard-pies which are cooling in the window.'

"I wasn't afraid the least bit in the world. The sunshine was streaming in at the open door; the birds were singing in the bushes outside, and the speckled kitten was chasing her tail around the kitchen. Who would think of being afraid, or even lonely, when everything was so bright and pleasant?

"I took the gingerbread out of the oven. It was what folks called a tin kitchen, an affair with several shelves, which stood before the blaze in the fireplace. Everybody used it in old times, before stoves were plenty.

"Then I covered up the fire with ashes, that it might not go entirely out. When it was time to boil the tea-kettle for supper, you could rake the ashes away, and then there would still be hot coals under them.

"Then I sat down and rocked by the cool window, where a breeze blew in through the morning-glory vines, and soon fell into a sort of doze. But it was not long before a bumble-bee came in and wakened me, and, glancing out of the window, I beheld a sight which fairly froze my blood with horror.

"It was a tall Indian, dressed precisely as I had seen Indians dressed in pictures, making long, but leisurely strides toward the house.

"He had a sort of topknot feathers on his head, like that of one of our cropple-crown-hens, and I could see that his long, brown arms were quite bare and looked like copper in the sunlight.

"What should I do? Where could I hide myself? My heart was beating so violently that I felt almost suffocated, and I stood for a moment in the middle of the floor, unable to move or think.

"But there was no time to be lost. He was coming so near that I could almost see his face now, and what, oh! what if he should find me when he got into the house!

"It did not once occur to me to bolt the doors; but, if it had, there would have been hardly time, for the bolts were very heavy, and it was as much as I could do to move them, and then the windows were all open, too, and though they were very small, the Indian might have squeezed through one of them at a pinch.

"I ran wildly toward the bedroom, and was about to creep under the bed. But no, that would not do, I thought. His long arms might reach me there. Then I rushed through the kitchen into the shed, and looked about me in a perfect frenzy.

"Suddenly the huge brass kettle which had been my grandmother's caught my eye, hanging from a beam overhead, and quick as thought I climbed first on to father's work-bench, which stood underneath, thus obtaining a footing on a wooden peg which was driven into the wall, I managed to swing myself onto the beam, and from thence let myself down into the kettle, which was large enough to hide me completely.

"I had never accomplished such a feat before; but I was a light and nimble child, and in my fear and excitement it seemed easy enough to perform.

"The kettle had not ceased to move after my leap into its brassy depths, when the Indian entered the door. I was sure that he would see it and gave myself up for lost. I was really paralyzed with fear, and if I tried to scream, I do not think I could have done so.

"But he evidently did not look up in that direction. He stood stock-still in the middle of the floor for a moment or two, uttering some indistinct words in his guttural Indian tongue. Then I heard him stride into the kitchen, and thence into the bed-room. Then I heard him tramping about overhead. He had climbed the ladder into the loft.

"But in a few moments he was back again investigating the pantry. Mother had been doing a whole week's baking that morning, and the shelves were filled with nice brown loaves of bread, custard and berry pies, a great milk-pan full of cookies, and the gingerbread which I had just taken out of the oven.

"Judging from the sounds which I heard in that direction, I thought he must be eating; and every once in a while there came a deep grunt of satisfaction, as if he had found something that he liked very much. Then, for a little while, there was a deep silence, and then, to my great relief, he stole very quietly and swiftly out of the house, and away, taking the same path by which he came.

"I peeped out of my hiding place and saw him disappear in the distance. Then a mist came over my eyes and I lost conciousness. I had been expecting every moment that he would espy the kettle which was so huge that it generally attracted attention, and proceed to investigate; and now my own relief was so great that I was entirely overcome.

"When I recovered my senses I heard my mother's voice calling me:

"'Mary, Mary, where are you?'

"'O, mother,' screamed my brother Cyrus, who always repaired to the pantry the minute he got into the house, 'just look here! All the baking's gone, pies 'n' everything, and there's crumbs all over the floor.'

"'There's been an Injun here,' I gasped from my perch overhead.

"'I should think so,' said my mother, who gazed into my white face the very picture of consternation. 'How in the world did you get up there child?'

"Just then my father came running in quite out of breath.

"'Have you seen anything of an Indian?' he gasped. 'One has been seen running toward the river laden with stolen property, quilts and coats and things, they say. I didn't know but that he had been making ravages here, as you were all gone berrying.'

"Then I piped up and told my story; but when father stood on the bench and took me out of the kettle, I fainted again in his arms.

"On investigation, it was found that the Indian had not only taken all the bread and cake in the house, but had seized upon a gray patchwork quilt, father's winter overcoat and a bright scarlet petticoat of mother's. The silver spoons and a heavy silver tankard—the very one that is standing on the sideboard now—were all in plain sight; but he probably had no idea of their value and so left them untouched.

"All the men in the settlement immediately turned out in pursuit of the thief; but they did not not capture him. And he was never seen or heard of in that region again."—*Susan Hartley Sewell, in Golden Days.*

PARLEY PRATT, the city poll-tax collector, has just been arrested for polygamy.

Coming west on a dining-car on the Fort Wayne & Pennsylvania road, the other day, the passengers were putting in the time waiting for a late breakfast, conversing on all kinds of topics. Two men were in a seat talking, when one said: "Nine o'clock is a later breakfast than I am accustomed to. I always eat breakfast at 7." The other man, a splendid-looking young fellow, said, after a yawn, "I never eat breakfast till 10 o'clock." The man with whom he was talking said, "You must take it pretty leisurely about getting to business," and then the nice-looking young fellow said: "Business! I have no business. I have nothing on earth to do, and never had a thought of doing anything, and never had a care. I have an income." Everybody that was within hearing turned and looked at the great, strapping fellow who had nothing on earth to do, and he fell away below zero in everybody's estimation. We pitied the fellow from the bottom of our heart. Nothing to do. No ambition, no nothing, but to get up an appetite for the next meal by drinking bitters, no business to take his mind from his lazy life.—*Current.*

How to Simplify Housekeeping.

From an admirable address delivered at a social science meeting, by Mrs. Gray, of Wyandotte, Kansas, and published by the *Woman's Tribune*, we make the following pertinent extracts:

"Love for the work is natural to women as a domestic instinct, and is only lost by overwork and failure to do what seems imperative duty, or a morbid fashion, introduced by the foolish, vicious, or idle.

Love for housework may be regained often by careful thought and courageous resolution.

Men, as a rule, do not complain of their work. They go to shop, or farm, or office, cheerfully or manfully and faithfully year after year.

They have their trials and sick headaches, and are usually silent over them. They rarely come home and tell us that the saw was dull, and that they had to stop all the machinery and sharpen it; that the ploughshare broke in the middle of the furrow, and they had to go two miles and buy a new one, or that a bore entered the office and wasted all the morning.

Everybody who comes into the world ought to feel that they have their work to do, and should be willing to do, every day, a good day's work and not shirk it.

When a woman gets married she knows she has a house to keep, and has no business to get married unless she expects to keep house, and having once accepted the position of housekeeper, if not fitted for it, proceed at once, and cheerfully to fit herself.

To misplace a kitchen fork or spoon may burn to a cinder the most carefully prepared dish. The convenient holder lost from its nail may burn the cake or ruin the pie and incense the cook. A cook-table, full of drawers, where flour, spices, rolling-pins and cake-cutters are kept with bake-pans hanging over it, will save you miles of travel and hours of time. A small shelf near the stove, kept for an extra pepper and salt-dish, has saved me fifty miles of travel, I think, in ten years. Only in one day count the number of times you go from cook-table to stove, seasoning various dishes, and you will see what this means.

I can go to the pantry with a waiter twenty by twenty-five inches in size, and with two trips lay the table for a family of five or eight persons. With the same waiter I can clear that table in three trips and bring in dinner from the kitchen at two more.

I have counted thirty trips made for an equal meal—made by women who could read and write, too.

* * * * * * *

At the sewing machine paste on the cover the query: "Is it necessary, or really beautiful?"

Is it worth my time or thought for something else?

Measure every yard of sewing by that rule. You will be surprised how many tucks less there will be, and how almost entirely ruffles will vanish.

* * * * * * *

In closing, allow me to beg of you, in the struggle with dust and dirt, sewing machine and cook stove, society and literature, to never forget, or neglect the supreme privilege or duty of motherhood.

No equal attainment is given to men.

To be the mother of kings was great. To be the mother of men, manly, full-framed, cleanly of soul and body, is a divine work. One beside which all other sinks into insignificance.

This makes us heirs to the ages. See to it that no lesser work defrauds our children and condemns us.

THE SALT LAKE DEMOCRAT.

DAILY, 3:30 P. M. FOR SOUTHERN UTAH.
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Trains leave daily as follows:

Leave Moroni	9.00 a.m.
Arrive at Nephi	11.00 a.m.
Leave Nephi	12.00 m.
Arrive at Moroni	2.00 p.m.

☞ Stages connect at Moroni for all parts of San Pete and Sevier.

Private teams and spring wagons can be ordered by telephone at Nephi, to be ready on arrival of trains at Moroni. Price, $4 per day, driver paying all his own expenses.

S. BAMBERGER, Manager.

Utah Central R. R.

Passenger Trains leave Salt Lake Daily, as follows:

GOING NORTH—Atlantic Express at 8:00 a.m., Pacific Express at 4:31 p.m.

GOING SOUTH—Milford Express at 3:55 p.m., Juab Express at 7:20 a.m.

Passenger Trains Arrive in Salt Lake, Daily, as follows:

FROM NORTH—Pacific Express at 10:45 a.m., Atlantic Express at 7:51 p.m.

FROM SOUTH—Juab Express at 6:40 p.m., Milford Express at 10:05 a.m.

☞ Freight Trains leave Salt Lake daily, except Sundays, for North at 8:25 a.m. and 5:30 p.m.; for South at 8:40 a.m. and 1:35 p.m.

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THE PACIFIC EXPRESS TRAIN from Denver, Pueblo and Eastern points, will arrive in Salt Lake City at 4:50 p.m., and Ogden at 6:10 p.m., making direct connection with the Central Pacific train for San Francisco and the Pacific Coast.

LOCAL TRAINS leave Salt Lake for Ogden at 8:05 a.m.

Leave Ogden at 5:40 p.m. and arrive in Salt Lake at 7:00 p.m.

Leave Salt Lake daily for Bingham at 7:25 a.m. Returning, arrive at Salt Lake at 4:15 p.m.

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S. W. Eccles,

General Freight and Passenger Agent, D. & R. G. Western, Salt Lake City.

W. H. BANCROFT, Receiver.

Notice for Publication.

[No. 1915.]

U. S. LAND OFFICE,
SALT LAKE CITY, Feb. 27, 1885.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT THE following named settlers have filed notice of their intention to make final proof each in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made as follows, to-wit:

John Flint, Jr., homestead entry No. 4673, upon the N. ½, S.E. qr, Sec. 24, Tp. 4 N., R. 2 W., will make his proof before the Register and Receiver, at Salt Lake City, on Saturday, April 11, 1885, and names as his witnesses Heber Hodson, William. Flint, John Hodson and Edward Philips.

Robert J. Firth, homestead entry No. 6256, upon S.E. qr., N.E. qr., Sec. 34, Tp. 5 N., R. 1 W., will make his proof before the Register and Receiver, at Salt Lake City, on Tuesday April 7, 1885, and names as his witnesses Mathew Young, John Shipley, Hyrum Alford and John W. Krebs.

H. McMASTER, Register.

BIRD & LOWE, Atty's for Appl's.